



*Banquet*  
*In Commemoration*  
*of the*  
*One Hundredth Anniversary*  
*of the Birth of*  
*Abraham Lincoln*


1809



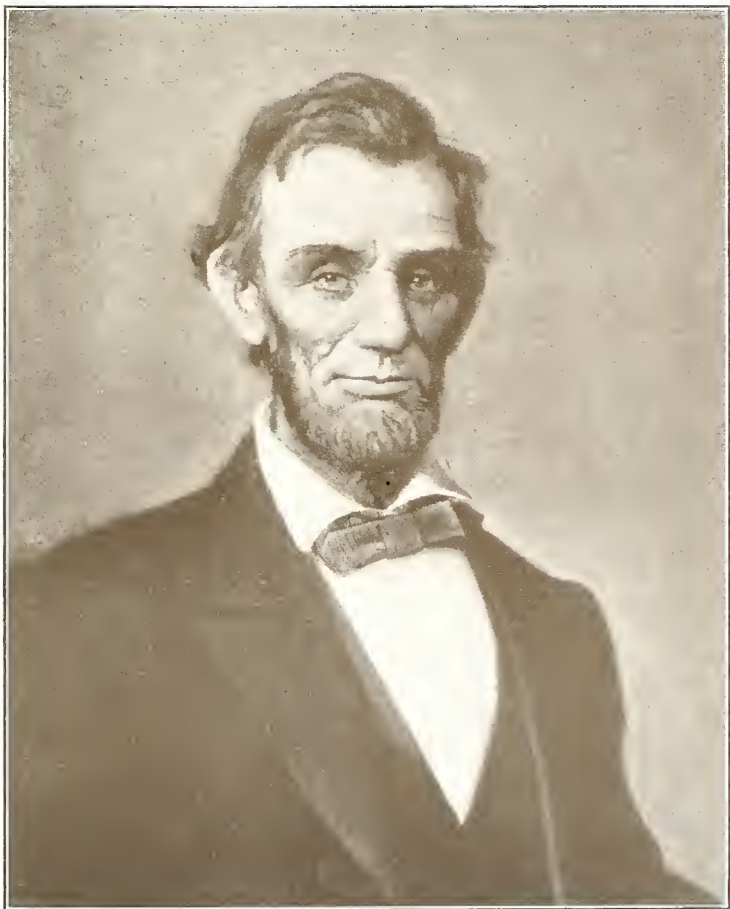
1909

*The Lincoln Club*  
*Brooklyn-New York*

*Friday, February the Twelfth*  
*Nineteen Hundred and Nine*



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# Menu



*Grape Fruit with Maraschino Cherries*

*Clear Green Turtle Olorosa*

*Olives*

*Celery*

*Salted Almonds*

*Filet of Striped Bass*

*Cambaceras*

SUN-RAY  
SPARKLING

*Potatoes Parisienne*

*Saddle of Lamb, Maintenon*

*French Peas*

*Baltimore Crabflakes in Shell*

CIGARETTES  
PHILIP MORRIS & CO

*Sorbet Romaine*

*Breast of Young Guinea Hen*

*Cresses*

*Currant Jelly*

*Asparagus Vinaigrette*

*Biscuit Tortoni, Princesse*

*Assorted Cakes*

*Macaroons*

*Petit Fours*

*Gateaux*

MOËT & CHANDON  
WHITE SEAL  
VERY DRY

*Roquefort and Camembert*

*Demi Tasse*



*"No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty—none less inclined to take or touch aught which they have not honestly earned."—Lincoln.*

## *Toastmaster*

*Arthur S. Somers*

*President Lincoln Club*

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## *Speakers*

*Mr. Louis F. Bomeisler*

*Hon. Julius Kahn*

*Hon. Luke D. Stapleton*

*Hon. Jack Beall*

*Hon. C. F. Moore*

*Rev. J. Herman Randall*





# *Abraham Lincoln*

## *One Hundred Years*

Anointed by the peoples' tears  
Before thy form they prostrate fell,  
Remembered now, the pregnant years  
As on thy living words we dwell.  
How wonderful thy thoughts to span,  
Almost a God! And yet a man!  
Match thine equal? We never can.  
Long will the world thy story trace,  
Indebted will it ever be;  
Nor fail to look upon thy face;  
Calm, firm, in its solemnity.  
Oh! Sad and awful was the day.  
Like feeble man thou passed away;  
Now do we meet to homage pay—  
One hundred fruitful years have flown,  
None fuller since the world began;  
Envoy of peace! Thy mission known,  
Humble though thy birth - a nobleman;  
Under faith in unseen power,  
No golden sceptre didst thou hold,  
Deprived the right to know thine hour,  
Recalled thou wast in murder bold.  
Endless is the praise we sing,  
Defied the thoughts we bring,  
Yonder, in thy martyred dress,  
Entered thou the "Throne of Life,"  
About thee all that angels bless,  
Rewarded for thine earthly strife,  
Serene thou art in happiness.

—Herbert F. Williams





